



## A Kiss and NOTHING MORE.

**I**n a valley fair I wandered, o'er its  
meadows pathways green,  
Where the rippling brook was flowing,  
like the spirit of the scene,  
I saw a lovely maiden, with her basket  
brimming o'er  
With sweet buds, and so I asked her for  
a flower, and nothing more.

I chatted on beside her, and I prais'd  
her hair and eyes,  
And like roses in her basket, on her  
cheeks saw blushes rise:  
With timid looks down glancing, she  
said will you pass before?  
But, said I, now all I want, is just a  
smile, and nothing more?

So she shyly smiled upon me, and we  
still kept wandering on;  
What with smiling, blushing, chatting,  
soon a brief half hour was gone;  
Then she told me I must leave her, for  
she saw the cottage-door,  
Not I, until I've rifled just a kiss and  
nothing more.

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd  
her, and the joys that then had birth,  
Made an atmosphere of gladness, seem  
encircling all the earth,  
One bright morning at the altar, a bridal  
dress she wore,  
Then I wife I proudly called, and I  
ask for nothing more.